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VICTORY TURNED TO MOURNING.

A MEMORIAL SERMON

ON THE OCCASION OF THE ASSASSINATION OF

ABRAHAM LINCOLN,

Sixteenth President of the United States,

APRIL 14, 1865.

PREACHED IN THE

REFORMED DUTCH CHURCH,

BAYONNE, N. J.,

SABBATH, APRIL 23, 1865,

BY THEODORE W. WELLS.

PUBLISHED BY REQUEST OF THE CONGREGATION.

JERSEY CITY:
PRINTED AT THE DAILY TIMES OFFICE.
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This discourse is published simply because those for whom it was prepared earnestly requested its publication. Hastily written, it was intended only for the ears of those before whom it was preached. My own judgment tells me to keep it in manuscript form. This I would do were not its publication asked of me as a favor by those who have ever proved themselves my sincere friends. The kindness they have shown me would make a denial of their request an act of ingratitude. Hoping, therefore, that it may be blest of God, and tend to the promotion of true patriotism, I offer it as a humble tribute of respect to the memory of our lamented President.

T. W. W.

SERMON.

"And the victory that day was turned into mourning unto all the people."
2 Sam. xix:2.

History is continually repeating itself. The past finds its counterpart in the present, and the present will be re-enacted in the future. The minute detail of circumstances attending the great events of our world's history, we can never expect to see again, it is true; but, then, if we judge the future by the past, we may rest assured that scenes will be witnessed, where different actors play their parts, and different voices speak on a different stage, which will resemble the events even now transpiring.

The words I have read as my text were written nearly three thousand years ago. They were applicable then; for Israel, although flushed with victory—having triumphed over the foes of the King—in sympathy with David, wept and mourned the fall of Absalom, his darling son. The victory that day was turned into mourning unto all the people. Such words are applicable now.

Two weeks ago joy filled every loyal heart. Our banners, baptized with blood, were crowned with victory. Through the clouds of the terrible tempest, that for four long years has deluged our land with tears and blood, light was breaking. By its illumination, the words of the angel's song at Christ's nativity could be seen once more spanning our sky, over a land not dissevered, but united.

They were read by all. Peace on earth, good will toward men. The words were soul-inspiring. They filled every heart with gladness. Their sound fell on the ear as music's sweetest strains at evening time. Old men wept for joy. Full-grown men were boys again. The nation's heart beat rapturously. With eager yet confidant expectation we all, with happy hearts, were listening for the last tolled knell of treachery, treason and rebellion. It was our day of victory. Richmond was ours. Lee had surrendered, and Johnston in vain was seeking for rest from Sherman marching up from the sea. We all felt glad, and were preparing to make the air of the New World ring with our songs of jubilee.

But, alas! how soon our cup of happiness was exchanged for one of sorrow. Above the sounds of joy and gladness, louder than the cannon's roar — above the noisy tramp of our victorious legions, when joy was full — above the din of battle, the clash of arms, the deafening shrieks of those rushing to the charge, a clear, sharp, ringing sound is heard. It is the report of an assassin's pistol disturbing the slumber of night and flashing in its darkness. And ere its echoes die away or its light is gone, every loyal heart in all our vast dominions, mourns as bitterly as before it rejoiced exultantly. "The President is dead, shot by an assassin," is the intelligence which the lightning carries through the land. When morning dawns, it passes from tongue to tongue, falls upon the ear at every street corner; and as the words are heard, consternation and dismay seize hold upon the people. Loyal hearts bleed at every pore — men weep who never wept before, and a nation, as if suddenly checked in its onward march of prosperity and greatness, awe-struck, stands still, with well nigh breathless soul, to lament

and mourn her martyred President. The victory that day was turned into mourning unto all the people. Flags droop. The stars hide in the azure blue—the stripes refuse to flaunt in the breeze—and thus, from every spire and hill-top the stars and stripes, which were so proudly waving, over the land of the free and the homes of the brave, proclaiming victory and triumph, cling to their staffs, stricken down with sorrow, or mournfully rustle their folds at half-mast. Almost instantly, a Nation changes the garments of praise and thanksgiving, and exultant joy, for vestments of sackcloth, weeds of mourning, and badges of grief. By these sombre emblems of mortality, seeking to give a human language and interpretation to the sorrow welling up in its heart, because a revered and trusted ruler is now numbered with the dead.

The world, I know, is full of hypocrisy. Mourning garbs often cover a joyous heart. This may be true of some to-day. A few may mourn because it is fashionable; but, thank God, we have good assurance that all these manifestations of sorrow are no seeming show, no unreal mockery of grief, but the mute expression of that which is felt—a true index of the people's hearts.

The shot that stilled Abraham Lincoln's heart, struck the nation's heart—struck the heart of every right-minded man—of every loyal man—of every one whose soul was large enough to appreciate him, who, when raised from a woodman's cottage to the highest office a free people could bestow, at a time of trial and disaster, never, in the discharge of duty, knew or heeded any command other than that which duty uttered.

True to God, and true to man, he is mourned by all, and to-day *we* meet to give expression to our sorrow. Meet at the altar of our God, to hear from him the lessons He would teach by this mysterious providence.

There is wisdom and great propriety in our so doing. These funeral solemnities should not have been omitted. A truly great man has fallen in our Israel; the bereaved family is a nation! Columbia mourns her darling son, assassinated by a fiend; and our hearts, melted by her tears, are in a teachable condition, and our minds, burdened with grief, are prepared to hear, with advantage and profit, what the Lord, our God, will say.

God sends calamities upon the earth for a two-fold purpose. He sends them to punish sin. He sends them to work out for those who are sanctified thereby a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.

There is a dark side and a bright side to every afflictive providence. Affliction is dreadful when considered as punishment for sin. It is relieved of its bitterness when we see the good it accomplishes. Believing the temporal judgments of God to be adapted to the sin punished thereby, I propose to inquire what sins, among the many, we have committed we may justly consider as being especially rebuked by our present calamity.

And the first voice which comes from the sanctuary to-day, in answer to our inquiry, if I rightly interpret, finds its expression in those words once spoken by the holy prophet, once uttered by the Lord of Hosts, and forever proceeding from the throne on high, "Be still, and know that I am God." We forget this too often. We need to stop and think, and, in meditation, raise our thoughts above the things of earth. Our minds need, oftentimes, to be thrown out of the beaten track of daily thought. If God did not startle us sometimes we would forget him entirely. Our hearts incline towards earthly things and not towards the heavenly. And then, too, the business of life, the whirl and bustle

of trade, the desire for material prosperity, the sensuous objects surrounding us, all transpire to drive from our minds the existence of Him, who unseen, controls the acts of individuals, the rise and fall of nations, the affairs of an unbounded universe, so that it often can be truly said of us—God is not in all their thoughts.

Trouble drives the human heart to God. The uncertain nature of earthly things, when realized and felt, causes us to seek some sure resting place for our hopes, some well tried foundation on which to lean for repose. This resting place and this foundation should be God. But, although the events of the last four years have been calculated to lead our thoughts to one mightier than the sons of men, yet I fear the American people, instead of heeding the teachings of the day, were trusting more to the wisdom and sagacity of their Chief Magistrate than they were to God. We loved our President too well. This our way, was our folly and our sin. His life was such as was well calculated to inspire our confidence and our trust, and we reposed in him. I will not presume to eulogize his name. His memory is sacred. Such a task must be reserved for greater minds and bolder pens than I possess. Allow me, however, in the illustration of my theme, to mention a few facts which already you know, and which will show you how he won the peoples hearts.

He was raised to power at a time of public disaster and national peril. Unknown and untried he was entrusted with the destinies of the American people. Without army, without navy, with an exhausted treasury, he was asked to quell a rebellion the most powerful and terrible the world ever saw. A rebellion never excelled in the annals of history, in wickedness, treach-

ery, and diabolical deeds, save when Satan created discord in Heaven and raised his impious hands against the throne of God. None but the inhabitants of hell can surpass the cruel acts of the Slave Oligarchy. The barbarous hordes of cannibals that roam in far western lands would blush if charged with such outrageous deeds. Confederate officers have gloried in them. This Slave Oligarchy was the hydra-headed monster against which Mr. Lincoln swore to protect and defend the United States. It was a Herculean task. Herculean, the twelve labors of Hercules when with it compared sink into insignificance. It was the greatest task ever undertaken by man, and Mr. Lincoln did it. He fulfilled his vows. He was true to his trust, and the loyal North was ready to speak to him those words of cheer: "Well done good and faithful servant." During all the years of his administration, although tried as men are seldom tried, he was never found wanting. It is true, his intellectual attainments have been surpassed, but never did man possess such a variety of remarkable gifts as he. These made him an extraordinary man. With wit sufficient to cast a humurous gleam of light through the darkest cloud, with intuitive preception keen enough to disentangle the most difficult political questions, with a firmness of purpose which never relaxed, and above all, with unwavering and implicit trust in God he seemed to possess every quality which the crisis could possibly need or the people demand, and no quality which the people could not understand and appreciate. All of us, aside from party prejudices, felt that *he* was the man for the place.

Surnamed Honest Abe, he had proved his integrity by every executive act. Genial and amiable he had changed enemies to friends. Unwavering and true he

had won the respect, the confidence, the love of the nation's heart, and thus inspired bright hopes for the coming four years.

His well laid plans were maturing with success. His policy was proving his wisdom and far-seeing sagacity, gaining for him approbation and praise even from those who were thought his political opponents. His kindness was daily melting Southern hearts, while every transaction in which he was engaged revealed the qualities of mind and heart which constitute the safe counsellor, the sure guide, the faithful friend, the people's pride, the loving, kind and gentle magistrate.

Many a heart feared no evil that could befall the Old Ship of State while he was at the helm. The storm might howl, the tempest beat, the billows roll, but still we slept secure, believing that he whom we had placed at the wheel would guide us in safety past breakers and shoals to the harbor of peace and quiet prosperity.

Yes, he won the peoples hearts because he loved the people, and was ever ready to make any sacrifice, to do anything which would benefit the people. He seemed instinctly to understand their wishes. His heart was large, and it was full of love—love for God and love for his country. A purer patriot never lived; a kinder hearted man never ruled. In fact it has been said by those who knew him well, that Abraham Lincoln never did a cruel thing in all his life.

I do not claim for him a faultless character. I do not think that his administration was blameless. He was but a man. He had his faults. His administration had its mistakes. I do say, however, that I believe he constantly did that which he thought to be right and never willingly went astray, that his administration was as pure, as free from blame as was that of

Washington. So it will be viewed by the future historian, and the names of Washington and Lincoln firmly linked together, will be lisped by infant tongues as long as time endures. George Washington, the father, and Abraham Lincoln, the savior of our country.

To some Mr. Lincoln seemed to possess a charmed life. The conspirators pledged to accomplish his death before he was inducted into office were foiled. The sickness which made many tremble was checked. The sojourn at an enemy's capital, where prudent men thought destruction surely lurked, was ended in safety, and thus he ever seemed to pass through danger unharmed and secure. All these circumstances were fast tending to make him not only the people's pride, but the people's idol. More than four millions of human beings already uttered his name with reverential awe. They looked upon him as their deliverer, their emancipator. For it was his words that loosened their chains and enabled them to breath the free air of heaven as American freemen, endowed with the inalienable rights of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

Thus all the people were looking to him as the one to save them from national calamity and ruin. The man of the hour was exalted in our hearts to the loss of that sense of dependence on God, which should ever be supreme. We were hero worshippers, forgetting him whose thoughts are not as our thoughts, and whose ways are past finding out.

"I the Lord thy God, am a jealous God, and thou shalt have no other Gods before me," were the utterances of Sinai heard mid fire, and cloud, and thunder peal four thousand years ago. We had forgotten them. To-day they are repeated, are written in letters of blood, are stamped on our hearts with the indellible

impressiveness of sorrow and grief, and thus our day of victory has been turned into mourning unto all the people.

Well will it be for us if the season spent in mourning and sorrow causes us to look above our earthly rulers to him who rules and reigns on high, crowned King of kings and Lord of lords. His hand has sent our affliction. His voice speaks through the present judgment, loudly saying: "Be still and know that I am God."

The second voice which comes from the sanctuary to-day in further answer of our inquiry, if I rightly interpret, finds expression in the faithful apostle's words: "The powers that be are ordained of God."

God is a sovereign. By Him kings rule and princes decree judgment. He turneth the hearts of kings as the rivers of waters are turned. He raiseth up one and casteth down another. He creates and He destroys. He rules over all the earth. They who rule over nations, empires, or states, are His subordinates, receiving from Him their power, are his instruments, to work out the hidden purposes of eternity, "For the powers that be are ordained of God, whosoever therefore resiseth the power, resiseth the ordinance of God, and they that resist shall receive to themselves damnation." Such are the teachings of the word of God. Such are the lessons which from time to time during our unhappy strife the pulpit, ever loyal, and true has endeavored to teach, impress and inculcate. Only a portion of the people, however, have heeded these expositions of truth. The ministry have been cryed down. Hands have been raised in holy horror because those who were pledged faithfully to declare the whole counsel of God, conscientiously discharging their trust exhorted "every soul to be subject to the higher

powers." The Apostle's reasoning exhorting obedience to the constituted authority because that authority was derived from God, and instituted by God, was mockingly pronounced farfetched, illogical and absurd, and for this disrespect of God's word our day of victory has been "turned into mourning into all the people." God now vindicates his word and estabishes its truth in a manner that all must hear, with an authority which the most daring and stout-hearted fear to defy. God speaks now by events. His words are men. His teachings ever the same, "the powers that be are ordained of God." And I doubt if you could find the man who would have the hardihood to impugn His right to speak concerning political changes, or dare style Him a political preacher. Look at the sad record. The people choose as their ruler for the next four years Abraham Lincoln. Never entered officer upon the discharge of his duties more in accordance with the wishes of the people. His majority was immense, counted by loyal States, almost unanimous. His second inauguration day was heralded with boom of cannon and beat of drum. It seemed a national jubilee. Long processions filled our streets. And he the people's choice once again swore to protect and defend the constitution and the laws. Partizans rejoiced at what was styled a republican victory. Many, very many, with self complacent pride, congratulated each other that *their* influence and *their* words and *their* labor had given a ruler to the land, while few and only a few raised their voice in thanksgiving to God.

A few weeks only have passed since this memorable inauguration day. And where now, let me ask, with reverence for the dead, where now is he whom the people chose as their ruler and guide? Alas, he is no

more. I say it with a sorrowing heart, for I loved him well. But alas, alas, it is too true. He sleeps upon his coffin bed that sleep which knows no waking. At first it seemed impossible. We could not realize the fact. We could not give him up. He seemed to us the only man who could precisely meet the nation's need. But he has gone. Another rules. One whom I believe the people last fall would not have chosen, one whom recently the people urged to resign for fear the President when sick might die. We did not know the man. God did. God chose him as our President, chose him in a manner which while it declares "man proposes but God disposes," must also force upon every mind the truth of the apostle's words, "the powers that be are ordained of God." For he must be blind who believing the Bible cannot see that it was God's hand that placed Andrew Johnson in the presidential chair.

I believe there is work for the President of the United States to perform, which our lamented President, for some cause or other, could not perform. God saw that other hands than Mr. Lincoln's, and another's mind and heart, were needed to complete the task which he successfully began. So it was with Israel of old. Joshua was called to finish the task which Moses began. So it has ever been. One sows and another reaps. So is it now. Mr. Johnson was needed to carry on the work which Mr. Lincoln had carried almost to completion, God knew it—we did not.

Give, then, to President Johnson the allegiance which is his due. Remember, that as long as he is President he is a ruler ordained of God. His name is sacred; his person is sacred; his reputation is sacred. Remember, that it is the duty of every citizen to strengthen and support him, to aid him by

their obedience, to bless him with their prayers. Let no one dare malign his name, insult his authority, mar his reputation or resist his power, for those who do "shall receive to themselves damnation," "for the powers that be are ordained of God." This is God's truth; its fulfillment you are witnessing every day; and it was because we heeded it not that our day of victory "was turned into mourning unto all the people."

To some it may seem strange that I should mention two sins, so contrary one to the other, as the apparent cause of our calamity to-day. But you must remember that our community has been composed of two great political parties; that while one class reposed in the Chief Magistrate too much, almost to the exclusion of a still higher power, and were thus guilty of a grievous sin—another class ever heaped upon him the venom of their hatred and vile abuse, oftentimes encouraging those who resisted his authority and were rebelling against the laws he had sworn to defend. These also were guilty of a grievous sin. These are the two besetting sins of a republican government. We were guilty of them. We needed to be taught that while our rulers are ordained of God they are not gods, and that while they are not gods, their names are nevertheless sacred, and their authority must be revered. We must "fear God and honor the King." Well will it be for us if the turning of our victory into mourning unto all the people causes us, in the future, to remember our entire dependence on God, and to revere the constituted authorities of the land, for thus we will be enabled to fulfil both tables of the divine law—the first enjoining obedience to God, the second obedience to man; and thus, too, we will secure the "favor of God, which is life, and his loving kindness, which is better than life."

Such are some of the sins which it seems to me this providence especially rebukes. Let us see if there is not a brighter, yea, even an encouraging view. I think there is, for, if I rightly interpret, the third voice which comes from the sanctuary to-day finds expression in the words of that disciple whom Jesus loved, even those sweet words of his, "God is Love."

Love is the crowning attribute of deity, and our religion teaches us that all God's providences are ordered in infinite mercy; that all things work together for good to those who put their trust in him; that the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.

What good results will flow from the sad events of the last few days I cannot with certainty tell. Prophecy is not a gift of mine, but I believe

> "God's purposes will ripen fast,
> Unfolding every hour;
> The bud may have a bitter taste,
> But sweet will be the flower."

I am sure no cloud ever obscured the sky but that the sun could tinge it with golden light; that night never drew her mantle over the earth when the stars did not shine above the clouds; that morning ever follows the night, and chases the darkness all away. God is mightier than the sun, more immutable than the laws of nature, and, therefore, I believe that the mysterious providence which causes our sorrow and our grief to-day, dark and gloomy as it has made our hearts,

> Is big with mercy, and will break
> With blessings o'er our heads;

will prove to us the path which leads to national good and prosperity. Life from death and joy from sorrow is the past history of God's dealing with man. Why should it not now be the same?

I think I can already see good springing out of this terrible evil. It plainly shows us the legitimate fruits of treason and rebellion—the debasing and degrading effect of southern slavery. Slavery prompted the rebellion, and the rebellion prompted the assassination. There may have been no formal conspiracy between the rebel leaders and the murderous wretch, but yet his crime was the result of their defiance of the laws and the constituted authorities of the land.*

None but one born on southern soil, where men sell men and make merchandise of woman's virtue—none but one who drank in with his mother's milk the soul-destroying heresy that it was right to stultify and destroy the moral instincts of a race for whom Christ died; and who learned with his A, B, C, that a petty state was greater than the Union—none but such an one could ever sink so low, or reach such hellish degradation, while surrounded with the humanizing influences of our popular government, our free institutions and our open churches, as to meditate calmly, deliberately, for weeks, aye, months, the execution of a deed so cowardly, murderous and damnable as that which causes our grief to-day. I do not believe that even now, great as is the spirit of revenge—loudly as our sinful hearts call for retaliation and retribution in kind—there could be found, northern born and northern bred, in all the world, a wretch so cowardly, so wicked, so mean and contemptible, that he would steal with silent tread, armed to the teeth, behind the back of Jefferson Davis—detestable traitor that he is—and shoot him dead. No, never, never! It needs slavery to mould and form the fiends required in such trans-

* Facts proving a conspiracy of the most atrocious character between Booth and his associates with the bogus authorities at Richmond, have recently been made public.

actions. The sufferings of our soldiers, starved in southern prisons—the indignities heaped upon our fallen brave—the murder of men, women and children for clinging to the dear old flag of their fathers—the chasing of Union men with bullets and blood-hounds—the massacre at Fort Pillow—all these cruelties and barbarous outrages failed to impress our minds with the horrible and loathsome character of that spirit which controls the hearts of our southern foes. That spirit is the Demon of Slavery. Speaking at first through State rights and insurrection, it is now revealed in all its ghastly proportions, and speaks through assassination. And I think no one, as they gaze on the morrow upon the lifeless form of him whose words dealt its death blow, and who, in its dying agonies, it killed, will dare say that they believe slavery a divine institution. God has taught us differently now—taught us in such a manner that I fear our depraved hearts, prompting revenge, will urge the execution of cruel deeds in return for those we have suffered. Preacher of the Gospel though I be, I must acknowledge, my friends, that of all the many conflicts with my sinful heart through which I have passed, none have been as great or severe as have the struggles within the last few days to keep down the feelings of malice and vengeance, enmity and cruel revenge which the assassination of our President has awakened and aroused. The pulpit no longer need urge men by legal ways to abolish slavery. That day has passed forever. In the future the ministry will need repeatedly to restrain the people from undue violence, lest, in their hatred of that "peculiar institution," which has caused so much trouble, and sorrow, and grief, they seek to drive it forever from the land, in ways more wicked than wise. Vengeance belongeth unto God—He will repay.

I trust, my friends, that as this instruction has been dearly bought it will not soon be forgotten; that, as we know the terrible nature of the evil in our land, we will calmly, but with determination, labor for its expulsion. Let us, then, with one heart and one voice, send our prayers to the throne on high that our land may, forever henceforth, be free of slavery and rebellion, secession and treason.

Lastly—By this providence God is teaching us and all mankind the stability of our free institutions, and the important truth that mankind can govern themselves. Democratic government, you know, has been styled by the crowned heads of Europe a rash experiment. It is an experiment no longer. The last few days have shown a free republic to be the most stable and enduring government known beneath the sun. Strong as the everlasting hills, it is as undisturbed by the change of administration, in the most disastrous way, at the most disastrous time, as are New England's granite rocks unharmed by the falling of the winter's snow or the pattering of the summer's rain. The empires and monarchies of the old world, at a time of such political disaster, could never have endured a shock so great. The king's blood would be but the first drops of a torrent that would desolate the nation. The death of Louis Napoleon, even now, would inaugurate a second Reign of Terror. Great Britain, proud as she is, immovable as she thinks her throne, would totter to her fall if, at a time of intestine trouble such as ours, her much loved queen should die. But what is the spectacle that we present to-day? Is our political fabric torn? Is our government weakened? No, my friends. Apart from the grief and sorrow it has occasioned, the death of our Chief Magistrate has not caused a ripple upon the surface of our national sea.

In less than nine hours after his death our government was complete again—stable as ever; aye, stronger, more immovable, more indistructible than ever before. The blood which he shed, while it separated soul from body, united hearts long severed on account of political prejudices—united hands that party strife had rent asunder—united all the north as one man, with one purpose, one desire, one aim, and that, to crush, destroy, annihilate every germ and seed, root, branch and twig of treason and rebellion. To-day we present a bolder front, a closer phalanx, a stronger battle line against our nation's foes—both north and south—than he, whose loss we mourn, was ever permitted to see.

Men die, but the Republic lives—lives in all its grandeur and greatness—lives inspired with robust strength and youthful vigor. "Its progress is ever onward and upward, casting flowers as it passes, upon the grave of each new martyr, but never halting in the march of its divine but irresistible mission." The cause of Freedom is in the ascendant; and Liberty's song, as it stirs in the breeze, rises louder and clearer, sweeter and purer from the new made tomb of Columbia's martyr. Henceforth his name will be the rallying cry of those who fight for liberty and truth. The sons of America yet unborn, as they stand near his grave, will raise their hands to heaven, and swear forever to maintain the cause for which he worked and died. During all the years of the past, our armies have fought and our navy has battled, inspired by the memory of our country's Father, the great, the good, the immortal Washington. Henceforth another's memory will be linked with his; and in years to come, as liberty's standard, the red white and blue, is borne against the freeman's foe, Columbia's sons will rally

there, and, ever brave, will fight the braver, as they remember our country's friend and our country's martyr, the pure, the noble, the kind-hearted and good, the never-to-be-forgotten Abraham Lincoln. Blood that thus cements a nation is not spilt in vain. A providence, with such results, has much to give the cloud a silver lining, much that tells us God is Love.

To the will of our God, therefore, let us bow with trusting and submissive hearts, rejoicing that, while earthly rulers die, our God can never die; rejoicing that our God ever lives and reigns, our refuge and our strength. Let us put our confidence in Him, and ever sing,

"He doeth all things well."

He whose memory we cherish, and whose loss we mourn to-day, made this God his refuge and defence. The testimony of Dr. Gurley, his pastor and spiritual adviser, is of the most cheering character. From him we learn that he prayed much in secret, sought continually guidance from on high, and ever manifested a firm and unwavering faith, an implicit trust in God. This was the secret of his success. And although he was called, without a moment's warning, from a place where all was false, "mere seeming show," where tinsel dazzled in the glare of artificial light, and creatures pleased the eye by acting parts which were not their own, to a world where all is real, and every one must stand or fall by their own character, yet he departed with a prepared spirit and a Christian's humble hope. Jesus was his friend in life, and in death he found Him true. As he entered the world unknown, a voice was heard sweetly saying, "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord, from henceforth; yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

Let us, then, imitate his example, and putting our trust in the God he served, resolve, as we lament his death, that we will emulate his virtues, follow his footsteps, conform to his patriotism, and strive to bequeath to our children and the world a name as fair and a character as spotless as is his. The remembrance of his virtues and the glory of his deeds are all that is left us now. It is all that we can leave the world. Our sphere of influence may be far humbler than was his, but if we act as well our part as he did his, our honor, although unsung, will be the same, for it is ever true, "Act well your part, there ALL the honor lies." Our memory may be cherished only by a few, but if it testify of trust in God and faith in Jesus, our future glory will be as great as his, for we will wear the crown that fadeth not away. Live, then, for eternity and not for time; seek immortal honors rather than the perishing; a Christian's name rather than the applause of your countrymen; and above all, Christ's spotless robe of righteousness rather than the robes of state.

"For it is not all of life to live,
Nor all of death to die."

There is a life beyond the grave, and if we conquer at the tomb, the victory of that day will never be turned into mourning.

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